

McNairy County Independent.

VOLUME XIV.

SELMER, MCNAIRY COUNTY, TENN., FRIDAY, MAY 5, 1916.

NUMBER 43

The impeachment trial is on in full blast at Nashville this week. Proof is being taken. The attorneys for the defendant make all the objections possible and seem to be trying to prolong the trial as much as possible. It may last from one to four months.

The grand jury is investigating the killing of Stokes at Nashville last week. This was one of the most atrocious and bloody cold hearted killings ever known. When Carmack was killed he had at least a chance for his life, and was prepared. In this instance Stokes was given no showing.

Republican State Convention

The state convention met Wednesday. Harmony prevailed. John W. Overall was unanimously nominated for Governor, B. W. Hooper for senator, and Terry Abernathy for railroad commissioner. Eight delegates from the state at large for Chicago convention were selected. Foster Brown presided, and he and others made ringing speeches.

Sudden Death

Rebus Swain, near Ramer, fell dead Monday while plowing on his farm. Heart failure is supposed to be the cause of his sudden death.

The deceased was a first class citizen and a most industrious and successful farmer.

Few men had a better character for upright Christian integrity than Mr. Swain.

NEW YORK LETTER

Before I forget it, I want to call attention to a serious mistake made by your typesetters in my mother's poem on "Lake Bean Clair," in my recent letter on Florida. The first two lines of the last verse, which, according to the carbon copy now in my desk, were written:

"In the radiant west, the magic glow

Repeats itself in the lake below," by some unaccountable twist of the hand, the printer made to read:

"Repeats itself in the lake of snow." This chills change, so foreign to the subject, mars the piece, and I hope those admirers of my mother's verse who may have preserved it will make this correction, so as to give it the meaning she gave it. Your types are more accurate, as a rule, than those of the average country newspaper. I trust that all poems of my mother, when offered for printing, will be carefully read in proof. The word "gain" for "calm" in another part of the same poem of course will be understood as a mistake, but these little errors hurt a poem worse than ordinary prose, and should carefully be avoided.

In a recent letter I had something to say about music, and particularly songs; a subject of the greatest interest to me. A good song is like a good friend and companion, that stays with you to the end, and has power to comfort you in distress. There is no telling the effect our sacred hymns have had in spreading healthy ideas of religion over the world. In Nashville once I heard an Armenian sing "I Need Thee Every Hour," in his native language; he had heard in the dark recesses of Turkey, where it shone like a beacon of light in the gloomy desert of Islamism. The hymns of Wesley and Watts have made millions better by hearing them, and have been sung in hundreds of different tongues in the uttermost parts of the earth. No hymn-writers in all history have done the work ours have done, that is, those who have written in English. The songs of P. P. Bliss, published in the seventies, such as "Hold the Fort, for I am coming, What Shall the Harvest Be, and Almost persuaded, have circled the globe. Poor Bliss was burned to death in a railroad

wreck at Ashtabula, Ohio, in the prime of his young fame, but he had left an indelible impression on the hearts of millions. Moody and Sankey made his songs known and loved from Maine to California. The Sweet By and By written by a school-teacher named Webster, owed its remarkable popularity to a singular simplicity and strength of melody and wording. The tune is of Celtic plainness, and can almost all of it be played on the black keys of an organ. At any rate, it took the country by storm, and is now and then still heard in churches.

One of the most interesting stories I ever heard about a hymn was told me by a United States marine officer whose sworn statement I took in a pension claim at Washington. He was one of the guards of the Embassy at Pekin during the Boxer Rebellion in China in the summer of 1900. Word came one day that the Boxers were burning Christian Chinese to death in a town some miles out of Pekin, and he was one of a detachment sent there in haste, with machine guns to rescue the victims of the yellow savages. The marine said that as his company came in sight of the place of death, the smoke could be seen rolling up, and there were mingled cries of pain, yells of wrath and the noise of the beating of tom-toms. A fusillade from the machine guns (which fired ten shots a second) scattered the Boxers like a gang of wild beasts, and a terrible sight was brought to view: A row of fence posts where a fence had been torn down, the Christian Chinese, men and women, tied to the posts with baling wire, and fence palings and broken furniture from their homes piled around them, while a yellow devil in painted robes went from one pile to the other, setting it on fire with a torch. Life was extinct in several of the burned bodies, but as the marines drew near they could hear the poor Christians not yet burnt singing, in a loud, clear voice, in Chinese language, but in the dear old tune that we all know:

"Jesus lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly!"

The marine said the tears came to his eyes as he heard this song, and ran forward with all speed, along with the company, scattering the deadly fire-brands and rescuing the martyrs, several of whom had not been touched by the flames. One poor girl had been scorched by the fire on one side, but with her sound arm she clasped his neck and kissed him as he threw the fire-wood from her and cut the wires that were holding her to a cruel death. How many Christians of the white race have faith like this, in a future life and salvation, and in the presence of horror such as faced those Chinese converts? There is no doubt about the truth of this story, as it is now on record in the government archives, as a piece of sworn evidence in a pension claim. The song sung by those Chinese martyrs was my mother's favorite hymn. It is strange that in all our Southland there is no singer of fame. Only one, Mrs. E. L. Ashford, of Nashville, author of The King of Love my Shepherd is, has composed music of reputation. The so-called plantation songs of the South such as "Way Down on the Suwannee River, Old Black Joe, My Old Kentucky Home and such gems, are the work of Stephen C. Foster, a Pennsylvania man, who died in war times. He also wrote Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground, Gentle Annie, Old Uncle Ned, and about a hundred vocal favorites, and was under forty when he died—the greatest song genius this country has ever seen. And yet for this glorious work he received less pay than one single-tangle ditty of Irving Berlin or Fred Fisher brings to-day. These songs are from the soul, and were not written for money. Foster could no more help singing than can the mocking-bird or thrush on a summer morning. "Dixie" was written by Dan Emmet, of this city.

There are some more splendid songs, such as Silver Threads Among the Gold, Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep, Her Bright Smile Haunts me Still, and (quite recently) In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree. The song about "Darling I am Growing Old, Silver Threads Among The Gold," etc., was written by a young florist of Maine, Eben E. Rexford. He now writes for floral magazines on how to

raise morning glories, is a hopeless bachelor, and has a head bald as an ostrich egg. What do you think of that?

Among some of the most beautiful melodies in the world are the folk-songs of Russia and Germany, and especially the latter. One of them, When the Swallows Homeward Fly (not a drinking song) by Abt, is wonderful. Others, such as the Wine Song, The Tyroler and His Child the Hymn to freedom (Freiheit, die ich meine), Must I go to the City Far Away, Soldier's Morning Song, and hundreds of others, have been a delight to me for years. The Swiss shepherd songs, with their yodling attachments (which sound like the hoo-ah-hoo that our McNairy boys used to be fond of practicing while going home from their plowing) are very sweet. One of them: "Maedele, ruck, ruck, ruck, ruck an meine gruene Seite" (Girlie, come along, come along, etc.) used to make my father laugh every time he heard it, although he did not understand a word of it.

Wagner's music, as a rule, is heavy, but his Swan Song from Lohengrin, Pilgrim's Chorus, and above all, "O Thou Sublime, Sweet Evening Star," "From Tannhaeuser, put him in the rank of the world's best musicians. It is a far cry from that music to the old-time hymns our fathers and mothers sang in the little country churches. The favorites were few, but there were old stand-bys like "On Canaan's Stormy Banks I Stand," and Gid Handed, that never wore out. My mother told me of how the preacher would give out the hymn, a line or two at a time, and the congregation would follow the best they could. She heard a joke, when a girl, of a preacher giving out the old, old-timer, beginning:

"Jesus my all to heaven has gone." While that line was being sung, he looked out of the window and called out:

"There goes a horse with a side-saddle on!" which words, rhyming with the first line, were promptly sung by the congregation as part of the hymn. I suspect this story is about as old as the song itself, but it hurts nobody to tell it once more. One more joke will be enough here. It is told that a bridal couple, the man being many years the oldest, marched to the marriage altar to the tune of "What Shall the Harvest Be?" the song having been selected by the bride herself.

Let us not forget the old songs. While we are keeping green the memories of the McNairy pioneers, let the familiar hymns and tunes of by-gone years be sung again. As the sweet, familiar strains are heard, the mind will bring back the faces of the loved and lost who once joined in the singing; and who has not some friend or loved one connected in his memory with some melody they used to sing? When that old song is heard,

"Remembrance, faithful to her trust,
Calls them in beauty from the dust."

Few of the new songs can equal those we knew long ago, either in melody or sentiment. Some of the best of these songs are of foreign origin. "Nearer My God, to Thee" (McKinley's favorite) is adapted from Thomas Moore's "Oft in the Stilly Night;" "Where he leads me, I will Follow," is of Italian origin, and so is the tune of "Home Sweet Home." "Blest be the Tie that Binds," is a German tune, as is also "Joy to the World, the Lord is Come," and many others. The oldest known tune is "There is a Happy Land," known to have been sung 3,000 years ago as a hymn by the Buddhist priests in India. Russian music is now making its way here. I wish my readers could hear the "Cossack Cradle Song," the words of which I have translated into English, but which cannot be described here. If there were more music in the world, there would be less war and misery.

LINDSAY S. PERKINS.

Announcement.

A special low rate of \$1.15 to Jackson, Tenn., and return will be made by the Mobile & Ohio Railroad on May 5, 1916. Take advantage of this special occasion and visit your friends. See local agent for particulars.

(Written for the Independent.)

THE NIGHTMARE AND AWAKING.

As the coming years press on me, and my forces begin to break,
And the lonely midnight finds me tossing wearily awake,
Much I long for restful slumber; yes, it would be real joy
Once again to sleep as sweetly as a happy little boy.

Through the dark and silent vigil, memory brings again to me
Thoughts of home and rest and mother in my childhood's Tennessee;
Visions of the blissful evenings, when that mother, long since dead,
With a kiss and good-night greeting tucked me in my trundle bed.

Summer twilight veiled the landscape in a pall of starry gloom;
Through the silver moonlight floated scents of honeysuckle bloom;
Whispering down in the orchard sang his lulling roundelay;
Soon on waves of soothing slumber my young spirit swam away.

To a realm of things enchanted; fruits no daylight ever saw:
Rainbow-tinted rocks and rivers; gems and flowers without a flaw;
Sainted maidens clothed in raiment whiter than the driven snow—
Ah, I was an ardent dreamer in those nights of long ago!

But anon the curtain shifted, and the Nightmare's vision dread
Filled me with a dire foreboding from the Empire of the Dead;
Satan's angels gathered 'round me, and in terror I could see
What I thought the dark and distant future held in store for me:

Swept by flames infernal, all Creation seemed afire;
Even grass and trees were burning; to the limbs in anguish dire,
Blazing human forms were clung, while their ribs fell to the ground
Wreathed in flaming, sulphurous halo, with an awful hissing sound!

Frozen stiff with deadly languor, still I tried to run away,
But my limbs were stark and helpless, and in anguish there I lay;
Then, as crown of all the terrors, for it was the final stroke,
My dead mother lay before me. Screaming loudly, I awoke.

O, the joy of that awaking, and to see my mother there,
Smiling at my childish terror, stroking my disheveled hair!
And the morning sunlight streaming through the window made me glad;
Chased away the awful shadows of the Nightmare I had.

And I think of the Awakening that may sometime come to me,
When the weary, sad existence of this earth shall cease to be;
When my mother in her beauty I shall see in glad surprise,
And my father bids me welcome, to a home in paradise.

—SIGMA.

Nirgends, April 22, 1916.

We have a nice line of men's, ladies' and children's dress slippers and tennis slippers



If you are in need of a good Sewing Machine come in and see us. We have it at a reasonable price; also take in old machines on them.

We have a Complete Line of Men's and Boys' Plow Shoes from \$1.50 up.

Overalls at the same old price as long as they last

T. L. ANDERSON & CO., Selmer

U. C. V. REUNION
BIRMINGHAM, ALA.,

MAY 16th, 17th and 18th
MOBILE & OHIO RAILROAD

VERY LOW RATE FROM ALL POINTS. THROUGH TOURIST
SLEEPER AND COACHES WITHOUT CHANGE OF CARS
via Tupelo and the Frisco

Train No. 1, May 15 arriving Birmingham at
5:20 a. m. 16th. For full particulars, ask
your local agent. G. E. ALLEN, D. P. A.

Patronize Our Job Department

It's The Making Not The Model!

Don't be confused over the word MODEL. If we should say that we have a hundred models today, somebody would claim two hundred tomorrow.

Reminds us of the husband who liked to be called a model husband, till he read in the dictionary that a "Model" is a small imitation of the real thing.

Every clothing store has close-cut models for example, but it's the finished garment that counts.

MEN'S SUITS \$10 to \$25

To Appreciate the Shoes We Sell

COME IN AND TRY THEM ON.

Nettleton Shoes at \$6.00
King Quality Shoes at \$4.00 to \$5.00
The New Slippers for Women are \$3.00, \$3.50 and \$4.00

Chas. H. Gish
Corinth, Miss.

JACK KERBY.

EARL INGRAM.

KERBY & INGRAM
TUBULAR WELL DRILLERS

—AND DEALERS IN—

Farm Water Systems

ELECTRIC LIGHT PLANTS FOR PRIVATE HOMES

Fairbanks-Morse and Southern
Gasoline and Coal Oil Engines

WE GIVE YOU A SQUARE DEAL

PHONE 26, BETHEL SPRINGS, TENNESSEE



Barred Plymouth Rock Cockerels
and Pullets for Sale
Setting of 15 Eggs for only 50c
Purest Breed
EMMET GRAHAM, Selmer

Rubbing Eases Pain

Rubbing sends the liniment tingling through the flesh and quickly stops pain. Demand a liniment that you can rub with. The best rubbing liniment is

MUSTANG
LINIMENT

Good for the Ailments of
Horses, Mules, Cattle, Etc.

Good for your own Aches,
Pains, Rheumatism, Sprains,
Cuts, Burns, Etc.

25c, 50c, \$1. At all Dealers.

Read The Independent for the
NEWS of the county.

We have all kinds of legal blanks